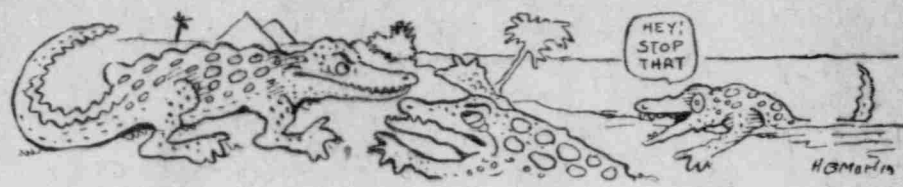


## Fable of the Meddling Crocodile.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.



**A** MORBID, Meddling Crocodile was bowed with Carking Care  
Because he found that Life was quite a Terrible Affair.  
That Creatures Lied and Swore and Stole and Fought, and Otherwise  
Committed Wrongs and Broke the Laws, seemed Evil in his Eyes.  
The Steps that others Made Aside had moved him oft to Weep.  
And, Worrying about such Things, he lost much Needful Sleep.  
Until he thought that he was Called to make them See a Light,  
To Check them on their Mad Career and Kindly Head them Right.

**O**NE evening as he Sauntered Forth Beside the Rippling Nile  
He Saw a Meretricious and Despicable Crocodile  
Engaged in the Correction of his Lawful, Wedded Wife,  
Whom he had Beaten up within a Half inch of her Life.  
"Aha!" said he. "Here's Where I win both Gratitude and Prais'  
By making this Rude Wretch Behold the Error of his Ways!"  
And, stepping in, he Gave the Gent a Pat upon his Wrist  
And Velvetly inquired if he'd better not Desist.

**W**HEN next the Molten Sun arose above the Orient East  
And Shed Effulgent Rays upon both Sand and Man and Beast,  
It Lit a Shining Something on the Swirling, Whirling Nile,  
A something that was Stark and Cold—to-wit, a Crocodile  
Whose First and Best Meant Efforts toward the Uplift of the Race  
Were met with the Bestowal of a Sandstone on his Face,  
The Which, alas, in bitter Truth, a Pity 'tis 'tis True—  
The Which said Half Ton Chunk of Stone the Injured LADY threw.

**W**HICH shows that Letting Trouble quite Religiously Alone  
Beats all known Ways of Keeping us from Troubles of our Own.



## It Happened in Birdland.

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## Knocko the Monk Hears the Latest Song Hit.

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## The Hallroom Boys Pose as Aristocrats.

But They Come Back to Their Proper Station of Life When Their Landlady Appears on the Scene.

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## Tommy Todd.

He Writes to His Uncle Jack.

By WEX JONES.

**D**EER UNKEL JACK I hav gott a knew nise mister brown he gave it to me i think he is pritty fine so does als. siss sez he is a nobel man it has 3 blades how is the goldfish how? Is the cat how is? antie is she? better i hav a black i it was jams jonsun but i Wasnt looking When he hit me and run away mister brown He is here most evry nite tommay

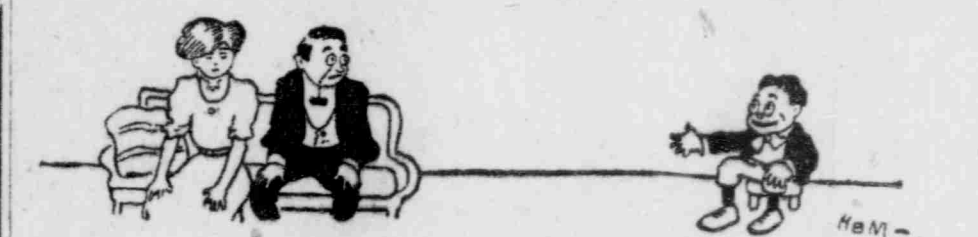
deer unkel jack i gav jams jonsun a black i i have my i black 2 how is the goldfish is any of them swimmin with the underneath side up if There they is del i can tell by the White wich is on the underneath side i Am not feelin ve good 2day mister brown He brot ass A books of Kandy last nite an i eet it

It was A big books he is Very nise tommay deer unkel jack i put a frog it was live in jams jonsuns poket And he yeild when He found it In his poket an teacher she yeild 2 when she saw it it Was fun then then do u like frogs i do they jump when you rikkelt them with A straw mister brown he sez He likes frogs he sez he will bring me A white mouse for A Pett it isnt like the mize, that sez yure cheez An gets cot in A trapp tommay how? Is the gold fish

deer unkel jack mister brown isnt so tommay

deer unkel jack how is the? cat an the catious how is? antie how? Is U this mouse is better than a frog it lives in a kage u can pull its tail 2 make it squeek the cat watehes it i Think it Likes it mister brown gav it 2 me last nite he cam 2 the dore And sez tommay i brot yure mouse is Your Sister At home and she was belind The dore an i sez she was crying all day an she cam out and sez u horrid little beast i Wasnt and she was a mister brown he kiser her an i Sez yab yab u kiser a zeil

but He didnt get mad but he gav me a mikkel and i went an bot P quits the mouse is got out of it kage and the cat is looking For it i dont care mister brown is goin 2 giv me A bull dogs i will ask it onw up jams jonsuns his is A french puddie how is? antie how is the catious did? u drownd emy tommay



## Household Hints.

By C. B. QUINCY.

**A** DAINTY Christmas tree can be made out of a grand piano by tearing out the wires and arranging them in a braconlike effect. Another plan is to buy a small tree, but the first way ensures a more natural effect.

When boiling eggs do not forget that no matter how long you boil the water, the eggs will not cook if you forget to put them in the water.

If you are a man and are let in for a job of nailing down carpets, provide yourself with 1 soft hammer, 3 dozen sharp tacks and 1 gross of blunt words.

Before sweeping a carpet pour a lot of ashes and dust over it. This will encourage the carpet sweeper by exciting his ambition.

To clean a window by knocking all the glass out is slovenly in the extreme. Tickle the glass gently with a three-cornered brick.

Lager cake is so called because it is constructed in layers. If built more than five stories high, the easiest method of construction is the steel skeleton.

Mice have a strong dislike for cats, which seems strange, as cats are genuinely fond of mice.

Clearing House certificates are useful to put under carpets. This makes the carpets last longer; also the clearing house certificates.

A good thing to do with a roast turkey is to eat it.

Pastry should be made light, but not absurdly so. A pie that three men can lift is about right.

**Weak Minded.**  
"She's really too young to go shopping alone."  
"Yes, she is rather impressionable."  
"Impressionable? How do you mean?"  
"I mean she's liable to get excited and buy something."—Philadelphia Press.

## Servants' Hall Literature.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

(Upon Sinclair and other novelists have been getting points on how the rich live by working for them as servants.—News Item.)

**N**O more the Newport hostess' head  
Is bowed with carking cares  
Regarding what is done and said  
By those below the stairs.

The butler wears a washboard brow,  
The nursemaid stays in nights,  
For all the serving persons now  
Are literary lights.

You footman, sneering in disdain  
Behind the guest's chair—that's Hall Caine.  
THE lady in the apron who  
Is lading vermicelli  
Into the steaming, savory stew  
Is Miss Marie Corelli.

While Rudyard Kipling stuffily stands  
There where the door's ajar,  
And ceremoniously hands  
The mistress from her car.

The while he's noting down with care  
"A clotheup with a hank of hair!"  
**O**UT in the tile-lined carriage room,  
In raiment crude and coarse,  
Is Henry James, disguised as groom,  
And currying a horse.

By his perturbed portentious frown  
And cecebrating eyes  
One sees he's jolting "color" down  
In words of giant size,

Which presently will come to hand  
In books we shall not understand.  
**S**O, aren't you glad that you have not  
A household full of serving men  
Who find the faults that you have got  
And stab them with a pen—

A cook who sets down on the sly  
Lampoons upon your wife,  
A groom who writes that you eat pie  
And eat it with a knife?

We folk who live in almost-hovels,  
At least keep out of modern novels.

## Rhymo the Monk—How He Hates to Get Up!

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